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A Message to Send Home.

THAT sweet season when pink girl graduates and boy seniors with downy cheeks through Washington boulevards again is at hand. High school classes in their Sabbath best, chaperoned by nervous, spectacled young men and women, austere little schoolma'ams arrive at Union Station nearly every day. They visit the Washington Monument, watch Congress in session at the cost of a few illusions, shake hands with the President—and home again.

It is difficult for Washingtonians, full of that half contempt, born of familiarity, to appreciate the feelings these impressionable young men and women carry home with them. There might be a daily humorous column for Capital newspapers clipped from the Podunk (N. J.) Banner, the Harmony (Mich.) Sentinel, and such journals. It would consist of the stories these voyagers tell of the National Capital.

Only a few years ago the high school trip to Washington too often was the only time in their lives that the girls, especially, ever strayed far from their home village. The memories stayed with them all their days. They told their sons and daughters about it.

And how many boys, watching the House in session, have made up their minds some day to sit in that assembly?

It is a good, old American custom, this high school trip to Washington. The four years in some village high school ends in a blaze of educational glory. The student has been in intimate touch with the forces of government. He has a claim to distinction among the less traveled in his corner of the county. He has learned, better than any textbook could convey the lesson to him, that we have a truly democratic government. For has not he, John Jones, of Podunk, captain of the Podunk High School ball team, shaken the hand of the Nation's Chief Executive, chatted a moment with him, perhaps?

And while these boys and girls from the hinterland throng here, a patriotic duty devolves on permanent residents of Washington. They are given the strongest reason in the world why the city should be at its best, why no eyesores should exist. We want to send word back home, conveyed in the enthusiastic language of which only boys and girls of high school age are capable, of a great, clean, white city, a city of vision, a fitting Capital of a great nation. And small things, sometimes, will destroy the impression.

A man 100 years of age committed suicide recently and not one columnist got off a quip to the effect of its proving that "the first 100 years is the hardest." How can you account for it?

Dr. Nearing at Clark.

TO LIBERAL university circles throughout the United States the recent experience of Dr. Scott Nearing at Clark University came as a shock. Dr. Nearing was in the midst of a lecture on the control of newspapers, pulpits and universities by vested interests. Suddenly the president of the university, the first institution established for graduate study in the United States, came into the room and turned out the lights.

Only last week a group of George Washington University students which undertakes sympathetic study of unconventional opinions passed resolutions of condemnation. Similar action has been taken in other educational centers.

President Atwood's act was rude and childish. It was a hindrance to higher education in the United States—a justification of the European contention that American universities are not capable of abstract devotion to science.

What Dr. Nearing said or did not say makes little difference. He has built up somewhat of a reputation for drawing unjustifiable conclusions from undigested facts. Newspaper men, with more facts concerning the business at their command, know that no part in the control of their journals is played by predatory wealth. Clergymen know their pulpits are not subject to outside control. Dr. Nearing has just enough facts at hand to prove his contention to his own satisfaction. All needed to disprove them is to marshal a few more facts.

The president of Clark University, by his actions, admits that he has not these facts at his command. It makes scant difference what Dr. Nearing said. If there is one place in the world where he is entitled to say what he pleases, so long as anyone will listen to him, it is in the halls of a great university, before men supposedly capable of sifting the wheat from the chaff.

There is scant sympathy to be wasted on Dr. Nearing. We must sympathize with Clark University, which seems to have forsaken its mission of mining for facts, whether they be gold or clay. We are forced rather into the suspicion that they would have turned out the lights on Darwin, hung Thomas Jefferson, or burned Sir Isaac Newton.

Problem whether Baron de Steen, who, arrived at Ellis Island broke, is a real or a bogus baron. If he was broke he was a real baron.

The Wisdom of Lenin.

NICOLAI LENIN, himself the prince of Reds, has stated with convincing clarity the present state of the Communist experiment in Russia. Bluntly, before the Communist congress, he told theorists what the trouble was. There were two alternatives, he said. Either Communism must succeed in a material way or it must fail. Lenin probably has reached the commonsense viewpoint that the best government is that under which people live most comfortably, eat the best, dress the best, live in the best houses, attend the best schools, etc. He believes that Communism, when it has had a fair chance, will provide this type of government.

The premier of Russia knows that no government can satisfy a hungry people—and his people are hungry. He looks about him and sees people leading much happier lives under capitalistic systems. And then he reads the handwriting on the wall. Unless the present government of Russia can compete with the old order in making people happy, he tells the Communist congress, its day is over.

Have Lenin and his confederates had a fair chance to demonstrate the efficiency of their system? During the years they have been in power Russia has drifted from bad to worse—all culminating in one of the greatest famines in history. Step by step they have been forced to take over from the systems they sought to overthrow the practical working methods which they pretend to despise.

Lenin's own words express it best:

"The capitalists know how to supply goods, although they do it badly and expensively. But do we Communists know? No. Unless we learn we are doomed. Supposedly we are building state capitalism. We have plenty of political power—perhaps too much—and we have enough economic resources, but we are not making a success. The machine is getting out of hand. There seems to be somebody at the wheel running the machine, but the machine is not going in the direction he wants it to go.

"Communists should admit this modestly, and begin to learn their ABCs."

So much for the Russian dictator. The handwriting grows brighter on the wall.

Philadelphia jury returned a half-pint of evidence and couldn't agree. Should have given them at least a quart.

Keep Your Eye on the Ball.

ALMOST any day now you can see a ball game on that vacant land on Connecticut avenue behind the Stoneleigh Garage. There are half broken bricks and a few trees in the way but they make little difference in the enthusiasm of the young Americans playing the game under those handicaps. Neither do the handicaps seem to make any difference to a certain collie dog who plays the game too.

This dog will watch the batter with a trained eye. When the ball is struck he is off with the runner and to first base ahead of him. The dog slides and claws into first base in his eagerness to stop on the market which is a couple of bricks. Yips of joy announce the runner and the dog are "safe." The dog prances and leaps back and forth urging as best he can that the runner get away for second. "Put some pep in it," the dog would say if he could, of that we are quite sure.

All of us should take a few minutes off and watch that ball game—the one with the dog in it—or any other "sandlot" game that is handy. We would see the get-up-and-go spirit that is bubbling in every young American. Then we should go back to our work and shout "let's go" so it could be heard all over the place.

Just as that collie allows nothing to take his mind off that game, so all Americans should keep their eyes on the ball right now. If we do we will surely hit and hitting it means business. Keep your eye on the ball!

Charles Unheavy, of Grand Rapids, Mich., ought to be some sort of lightweight champion, we would say.

The Farmer Sees a Rainbow.

THERE is no small degree of satisfaction in reading the War Finance Corporation's business outlook for April.

The winter of our discontent is over. With planting and chicken hatching days near at hand the farmer approaches his year's task with a more confident spirit than he knew last year.

A strong demand for cattle has developed. Sheep and lamb markets have continued strong. Hogs, corn and wheat are bringing better prices. These prices, the report states, are paid where they will have the quickest reaction—at country points in the corn belt.

Statistics do little to improve the farmer's spirits. Quick sales and actual cash in hand exert a very marked influence.

Good range conditions for the summer already are indicated in some States. The drought has broken in the Southwestern wheat region. The growing feeling that it is possible to market sugar, corn, rice and cotton on a paying basis has given a healthier tone to business.

Financial conditions have improved greatly as a result both of improved markets and better arrangements for financing agricultural and livestock operations.

Bank deposits have increased in many agricultural communities and the country banks are in a stronger position than they have been for a long time.

The farmer usually is a stockholder in or a director of his local bank. He is apt to base his business confidence a great deal on the affairs of that bank. Through it he keeps in touch with the great world of markets. With its deposits increasing he is sure to whistle a little more merrily as he steps on the gas lever of his tractor.

Scientists say there are fourteen fundamental movements. Tush! There are more than that in jazz alone.

The Herald in New York

These Hotels and Newsstands in New York City Have The Herald on Sale:

HOTELS		
Astor	Imperial	Prince George
Belmont	Marinette	Ritz-Carlton
Biltmore	McAlpin	Savoy
Breslin	Murray Hill	Vanderbilt
Commodore	Pennsylvania	Waldorf
NEWSSTANDS		
220 Broadway	Pennsylvania	Schultz, 42d
Woolworth	Station	St. & 6th Ave.
Building	Hotelling's	News Boy, 32d
200 Fifth Ave.	Times Square	St. & 6th Ave.

New York City Day by Day Impressions:
by C. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 5.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: Broadway beach combers in shiny serge and faded derbies. Tight-lipped mummies in brilliant settings. Once had their big dreams. An old Tenderloin tap room. Had its day—and many a night. Wonder if an ash man ever sat a can down gently.

Ticket speculators. With faces as keen as a sword thrust. They are a way of talking to you without moving their lips. Hops hustling for actors' breakfasts—variety and a packet of cigarettes. A tolling church bell. A note of Goethean melancholy in pleasure's chord.

Thavians going to the final play of the circus. And gosh! how they dread it! Paintings by Lucien Muratore. I thought he was a singer. Girls in gingham with pockets for cigarette cases. Something new and flapperish. The saturoc died quickly.

Only old men seem frivolous these days. There goes a Mithras with a purple feather in his hat. And he doesn't look as if he will last until he gets home. Wind-up demonstrators hawking through electrical telephones to passers-by. Why do they have to demonstrate a corn salve?

Drug store complexion like the under side of a rose. John Emerson and Anita. Loos. Six people have passed by Harold Hill Wright novels under their arms. All the critics' rallery can't stop that bird. Billie Guard, the staccato megaphonist for Metropolitan stars. Crowds at every quick repair shop window.

Such a crowd of "muggers." An old bunk game that never fails. There's George Luks, the artist. Pink and lavender limousines—the gaudy effluence of the nouveau riche. Shabby French cafes—red velvet curtains, mirrors framed in lumpy gilt and always a cat, coddling off slowly in the drought. A sigh for the days of Laloy's—with Mame and Gaston mixing the double Martinis. And vin ordinaire 20 cents a quart! O, well.

It is a despairing cry that Edna Ferber sends by wireless from ocean to Franklin P. Adams, the columnist. She Marconis: "Mama has just called the promenade deck the front porch. What shall I do?"

Twenty-five thousand new plays are offered annually to New York theatrical producers. Most of them are never read. The obscure playwrights, for the most part, are of the rocky road type. There is talk now of a clearing house for new plays to be conducted by all the theatrical managers with each contributing to the upkeep, and this way it is hoped that more recognition will be paid to the unknowns.

In a line in one of Oscar Wilde's plays this philosophy is presented: "In the world there are two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it." A New Yorker, born on the East Side, has struggled all his life to own a home on Riverside Drive. His recent success was finished in January. He moved in. A week ago he moved back to his home on Cherry street and a "For Sale" sign was placed on the lawn of his mansion.

Reindeer is now offered on the menus of the exclusive hotels. It is listed at \$2.50 a portion. A New York meat dealer maintains a reindeer ranch in Alaska and has created a demand for the meat, which is not quite so "gamey" as venison.

WHO'S WHO IN THE DAY'S NEWS

The selection of Leonid Krassin as one of Soviet Russia's delegates to the Genoa conference indicates to the faith Lenin, Trotsky and their cohorts place in this man whose whole life has been identified with revolutionary activities. Krassin's success in dealing with and concluding negotiations with Great Britain a year ago drew world-wide attention to him. He matched his wits with those of David Lloyd George and other British diplomats.

Krassin is a native of Siberia and was born in 1870. Ever since his youth he has been identified with revolutionary activities and during the reign of the czar was much of the time in prison or in exile as a result of his plots against the then existing order.

The outbreak of the world war found Krassin in Petrograd as chief manager of the Russian engineering of a large German engineering concern. He occupied this position until August, 1918, at which time he was elected to an official post with the Soviet government.

His connection with the Soviets began in 1917, at which time he participated in the Brest-Litovsk peace negotiations with Germany. He also took part in the drawing of the commercial treaty in the capacity of financial and economic expert.

Upon his return to Moscow he was elected president of the supreme council of national economy and of the extraordinary commission for supplying the Red army with necessities. He became people's commissar of commerce and industry in November, 1918. On March 20, 1919, he became, in accordance with the resolution of the central executive committee of Soviet people's commissars for means of communication.

Oldest Inhabitants Elect 4. At the meeting of the oldest inhabitants' association in the old farmhouse at Nine-enth and H streets northwest last night the following men were elected to membership: Charles Beasley, James Dickinson, John M. Waters and A. M. Holmes. Theodore Noves, president, presided.

The Friend of the People
Answers to Your Questions

This department is conducted by The Herald to answer questions of its readers. All questions will be answered in these columns. Address letters to the Friend of the People.

CLEVELAND'S COMPOSITION.

To the Friend of the People: What was the gist of Grover Cleveland's famous composition on the cow written when he was a small boy in school, follows:

Grover Cleveland's composition on the cow, written when he was a small boy in school, follows: "Yavetteville Academy, September 12, 1846. Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

The Cow. The cow is very useful if it were not for the cow we could not have no milk to put in our coffee and tea. Every part of the cow is useful: the skin is tanned into leather and boots are made of it. The feet are good for food and is called beef. Their horns are made into buttons. Of milk butter and cheese is made. There is a nutritious substance by the hoof which is made into glue—indeed if it were not for the cow, we should have to do without many things which are considered necessities of life.

TAX ON ACCESSORIES. To the Friend of the People: Please advise me through your "Answers to Your Questions" column if war tax must be paid on automobile accessories and repair parts.

AN ADDRESS. To the Friend of the People: I would like to know the name of the film company that sell or handle the "ladies' garter radio set," which you illustrated in your news section some time ago.

NOT CHURCHMAN. To the Friend of the People: With what church is Senator Hiram Johnson of California associated?

DAY WAS WEDNESDAY. To the Friend of the People: Upon what day did June 18, 1864, fall?

Open Court Letters to The Herald
Other People's Views of Current Events.

Communications will not be returned unless specific request for such return is made and stamps enclosed. Communications should be brief, to the point, and free from personal attacks. Communications will be published if they are of general interest. Communications signed with fictitious names will not be used.

Questions Civil Service.

To the Editor, The Washington Herald: The Attorney General has some good founded reasons for testing for the abolition of the Civil Service, for there's no other employment agency in the country where so many "mugwumps" or "non-participating citizens" find a soft berth. In surprising the number of employees residing in the nearby States who have the privilege of exercising their greatest gift of A. Republic: that of voting, although it appears to them that they are not voting, while if they were political appointees they would take enough interest even to vote. This writer has always voted, although several hundred miles from home, but when it came for a reduction in the forces of a certain department, was the first to be dropped, while the "drones," or "sleepy citizens," who do not take enough interest in the government to vote, were retained.

Of course, there are two sides to every question, but I am happy to see somebody take it upon themselves to awaken the spirits out of "slumberland."

Defends Civil Service.

To the Editor, The Washington Herald: Your correspondent, E. C. Griffith, in a letter to The Herald makes the broad assertion that the Civil Service examinations are a failure. I quote him: "A fair test of the efficiency of the government service is the esteem in which it is held by the people. Judged by this test the Civil Service is a failure." When was this test made, Mr. G.?

When did the 100,000 of Americans who are dissatisfied with the present-day man have come in for his full share of discussing; and I find that all the nice, good—and lots of them very nice—girls are in the hands of the government. They are who would love a home and babies and a good real man for a husband. Yet they are lonely, for no men want such girls. Some have men who would have been a right kind, but were in the other crowd.

I work in an office with a lot of girls. Some of them are one kind, some are another. When one day after day, Cactus Bill, and talk with them you find out an awful lot about them—and we girls talk about real things: our ideals and ambitions, etc. They are not content with their lot, but they are not rushing some "vamp" and having the time of their lives.

Freud and Jung.

To the Editor, The Washington Herald: I have been much interested in the discussion conducted in your columns on the subject of medical treatment, etc. The discussion set forth by one of your contributors, Mr. H. Bonnell, as to the great number of medical errors. I cite the following corroboration by a medical doctor:

"The great majority of illnesses" (writes Dr. Frederick Peterson, in an article, "Credulity and Cures," published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, December 8, 1912, "are temporary self-limited, and tend to recovery by nature unassisted.")

Referring to the medical profession, he says: "I am afraid, however, that we too, because dazzled by the effluence of so many new discoveries—share, in a measure, the credulity of the public in remedial agencies. The same psychological factors are at work in us as in the general public for the creation of faith in the new drug or in the new method. We do not know enough about it to be sufficiently critical, and we are ready to accept the ground for the new belief, the new conviction. Its value is asserted by authority. . . . Then, again, there are the marvelous mysteries behind all the new names—hermes, opsonins, endocrines, amboceptors, etc. . . ."

"It has interested me to go over in this connection some of the therapeutic measures resorted to by the profession with more or less vehemence of assertion during my own day. Some of these have already passed into oblivion."

"One past experience should lead us to be extremely cautious and skeptical in the presence of many of the therapeutic measures before us now. Leaders, despite their great intelligence, and high position, often stamped the rank and file of us like sheep. Our leaders are very human and subject to the sway of the personal equation."

"Rarely, so much pulling of teeth, so much removal of submerged tonsils, is not justified by results. At least I feel so from the many cases of psychoses, nervousness, sciatica, neuralgia, spinal pains, cervicobrachial neuritis, and the like which have come under observation after such treatment had proved futile."

"I shall close with a few words to the psychologists on which subject I am qualified to speak, for I know Freud and Jung personally, have examined the method practically, and have or have had a number of cases of this kind under my friends. . . . The theories of Freud and Jung are psychology."

A Chance for Cactus Bill.

To the Editor, The Washington Herald: I'd like to take off my hat to you, Mr. Cactus Bill, but since I can't do it literally I'm going to use this method of doing it. I think you're kind of man was an extinct species and I'm glad to know as you say, that there are a lot of them left.

The Scientific Notes and Comments

THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1922.

OLFACTORY HARMONIES OF PERFUMES.

Perfumed preludes and scented symphonies composed from a scale of delightful odors were suggested by Dr. Marston T. Bogert, professor of organic chemistry at Columbia University, in a public address at Birmingham, Ala., before the American Chemical Society.

Instead of music from the organ, piano, or violin, Dr. Bogert would draw from tiny vials in the laboratory, the notes of a scale, which would blend into an olfactory harmony.

Symphonies of light recently made their appearance in New York. Dr. Bogert's suggestion looks forward to renditions which every musician would regard as a masterpiece of the art, and that therefore odors can be arranged corresponding to the musical scale.

Dr. Plesse composed a scale of odors corresponding to the musical scale. The heavy odors are assigned to the low notes, the sharp, pungent odors to the high notes.

Starting with the bass clef, three octaves below middle C, the musical notes and the odors assigned to them by Dr. Plesse are: Do, patchouli; Re, vanilla; Mi, clove bark; Fa, benzoin; Sol, frangipane; La, geranium; Si, clove; Do, sandalwood; Re, carnation; Mi, carnation; Fa, carnation; Sol, carnation; La, carnation; Si, carnation; Do, carnation.

The perfume of rose on this scale corresponds to middle C, and from it the scale continues with Re, orange flower; Mi, orange flower; Fa, orange flower; Sol, orange flower; La, orange flower; Si, orange flower; Do, orange flower.

Dr. Plesse also pointed out that when the perfumer wishes to combine the simple odors he must use those that combine into a harmonious mixture. He made it clear that odors which perfume will harmonize and which will discord. As a painter blends colors, in the same way a perfumer should blend odors.

The following is a "Do" bouquet: Do, carnation; Re, carnation; Mi, carnation; Fa, carnation; Sol, carnation; La, carnation; Si, carnation; Do, carnation.

The total effect of these odors is "Fa." Fa, carnation; Do, carnation; Re, carnation; Mi, carnation; Fa, carnation; Sol, carnation; La, carnation; Si, carnation; Do, carnation.

That odors play the same part in the world of the ant that light does in the human world was suggested by the fact that the odors of the ant are so strong that they can get an idea of the sensations an ant experiences as he moves about. As we moved about, touching various objects, our environment would appear to be made up of spherical perfumes and odorous stinks.

CONJOINED TWINS ALWAYS ABOUT INTEREST.

The interest in the recent death of Rosa and Josephine Black, "Siamese" twins, is an example of the popular interest in conjoined twins which has always been manifest.

The physical similarity of twins is well known, but it is only recently that the science of psychology has been perfected, that mental features have been compared. Tests reveal that there is a close similarity with respect to general alertness, intensity of attention, deliberation, co-operativeness, sense of humor, and emotional reactions.

Conjoined twins have been known from very early times. The most celebrated pairs were, perhaps, the Biddenden Maids, born in Kent in 1170, the colored sisters, Rosa and Josephine, born in 1811, and the Bohemian sisters, Rosa and Josephine. There is now living here a pair of so-called "Siamese" twins, and natives of the Philippines. They were counted as two persons in the last enumeration.

The term "Siamese twins" as applied to Rosa and Josephine has its origin in the most famous of all such twins, the original Siamese twins discovered in Siam by a British merchant in 1824. They were taken from Siam to this country where they eventually settled down in North Carolina under the name of Bunker. They became farmers and married two sisters at the age of forty-four. Their death occurred in 1874.

Be Ready to Pay Up, Britain Asks France

LONDON, April 5.—The British government has sent a note to France stating that since Great Britain must pay the interest on her debt to the United States, she reserves the right to call upon the "repable to pay the interest on its war debt to England."

The note also points out that the interest due on the American debt and that the present note is merely one of notification that France still owes something to Great Britain.

Y. W. C. A. Fund Workers Obtain \$13,137.95 in Drive

Contributions amounting to \$22,689 yesterday were obtained by the several teams aiding in the drive for \$45,000 for the Young Women's Christian Association. The contributions received yesterday brought the total obtained so far in the drive to \$13,137.95.

William Ome Hilted, business secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spoke on the principle of campaigning at the meeting of the various teams. F. W. Ober, editor of the Association Man, and Dr. Arthur Deerin, president of the Monday Evening Club, also spoke. Mrs. Harry H. Hull, chairman of the campaign executives of the Y. W. C. A., presided.

Tinned pig tongues, imported from America, have achieved a wide popularity for the midday lunch of British workmen.